

THE CHALLENGE OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION FUND

By ELENE FOSTER

"QUI VIVE?" is the legend on the seal of the French Restoration Fund, and beside the crowing cock are the words "La Marne," "La Somme," "Verdun," "L'Aisne," and a blank space which, presumably, will be filled before long by the word "Picardy."

"Picardy! Qui vive?" How many of us here at home are asking that question as we go about our daily rounds, our thoughts far away with our fighting men across the seas? Qui vive? Qui vive? For Picardy is pretty close to us these days and it is difficult for us to think of anything else. And yet it is selfish to think only of our men, for there are other sufferers on the plains of Picardy—the original inhabitants of that desolate region, those wretched peasants who for the second time in four years find themselves homeless and destitute amid the ruins of their homes, their very lives in danger with this second advance of the Hun. It will do us good to think about them for a change: it may serve as a counter-irritant.

These people have had two years of comparative quiet since their towns were recaptured by the French after the first German invasion. They had returned to their native villages, to the ruins of their houses and fields, to their poisoned wells and blackened orchards and with that optimism and courage which is characteristic of the French people they had begun, with the help of various war relief associations, the work of restoration and reconstruction, confident that the German had been forever banished.

Miss Anne Morgan, during her recent visit home, told us of the help which her little band of volunteers had rendered in the town of Blérancourt. She told of the temporary shelters which had been erected for the cattle and chickens with which the peasants had been supplied; of the portable wooden houses in which the peasants were being housed, and of how the fields had been ploughed and planted; how the blacksmith's forge had been set up, the village store reopened, and how "business as usual" was the rule. And the work of Miss Morgan's unit was only a sample of what has been done throughout the devastated country; but, alas! there was only a temporary respite for these poor souls, for once more the German vandals have invaded those peaceful villages, scattering bombs and shells and lighting their fires of destruction, and the ruin which they have wrought in this second drive is greater even than that of the first.

And still, returning travellers tell us, the people are not disheartened. "C'est la guerre," they say with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, and they set about straightway to begin all over again.

A certain amount of building is necessary, for these people must be housed and cared for until the Germans are driven out for good and all, and they can return to their ruined homes, but such reconstruction is merely temporary. The real work of the restoration and reconstruction of France will not begin until peace is declared, and then it will be undertaken by the Official French Restoration Fund.

The restoration of France! It seems a pretty big order, doesn't it? When we realize that there are 5,000 settlements ranging from tiny hamlets and villages to cities the size of Soissons, Peronne and Rheims, absolutely in ruins, it seems an almost herculean task to undertake their reconstruction. But when you hear how it is to be accomplished, the plans which have been made for raising the necessary funds, maybe you won't be so skeptical. For Northern France is going to be restored, and what is more, you and I are going to help to do it. We are going to help to restore the France that we knew and loved before the war. We are going to help to reconstruct the little stone houses, the mairie, the village church and the "auberge." And we are not going to stop at this either, we are going straight on working until we have restored every cathedral and monument that bears the slightest trace of the visit of the Hun. It will take time and money—much money—but we are going to do it.

We may have been slow in getting into this

Substitute Homes for Soldiers

By MAY BOSMAN

IT WAS an amusing incident that first made the need of the hostess house apparent in London. In 1917 certain American members of a Canadian unit had business with the American Ambassador, but could come to him only on Sunday. Mr. Page suggested that they come to tea at his house. Six of them arrived, and Mrs. Page poured tea in the drawing room. It was very cheery and cordial, but somehow the business hung over. They had to meet another Sunday.

This time there were ten Americans—and the business was not completed. Mr. Page suggested a third Sunday, and twenty Americans came to transact business with him on that day.

During the following week he suggested that the Americans in the Canadian unit who still wished to talk to him should come to his house a fourth Sunday and wind up affairs with him, and on the fourth Sunday the Page drawing room was packed with soldiers.

The ambassador told his associates about it, and one of them chafed an American who had gone there to tea. "Ambassadors are popular with you Yanks!" he said.

"Oh, the ambassador's all right!" conceded the American. "But we didn't attach much importance to the business. It was Mrs. Page. She served us tea around an honest-to-goodness log fire, with a tea wagon and fixings. It was great!"

And there you are! Mindful of those Sundays, Mr. Page realized that with the advent of American forces in England a substitute home for them was an immediate necessity; so he was the moving spirit in the establishment by the Y. M. C. A. of the American Officers' Inn at 5, Cavendish Square, London.



She is waiting in Roye for you to restore her home. There is nothing left but the wind-mill, and that has lost its wings.

war, we may still be slow in sending our men and munitions, we may be found wanting in a dozen different ways, but we know one thing—for we are planning ahead, for once—the restoration and reconstruction of France is a job that America has taken on and she will be ready for it when the time for action comes and will see it through, in so far, at least, as raising the necessary money goes.

The actual work of reconstruction and restoration is to be done by native workmen and native architects. There are men in the trenches right now who are working every spare minute on the plans for these new-old buildings, for not one detail is to be changed—or rather only one. They are not planning for modern improvements; there will be no up-to-date plumbing, no furnace heat. The peasants who have been without a home, or, worse still, in German prisons, for the past four years, are coming back to the home that they remember, the old house of which they have dreamed throughout their dreary exile. They want the old pump in the courtyard just as it was in their father's and grandfather's time. They want the stone floors, the low-beamed ceilings and the tiny panes in the windows, and they are going to have it all just as it was before—with one exception: they are going to have more windows and doors. In the old days when these houses were built there was a tax on windows and doors and the thrifty peasant got along with as few as possible. Several years ago, however, this tax was removed and so the French peasant who loves sunshine and fresh air may revel in it to his heart's content without fear of the tax collector.

The Official French Restoration Fund is under the French government. Two committees are its guiding spirits, one, the National French Committee, comprising among others le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et Beaux Arts; le Ministre de l'Intérieur, M. Emile Loubet, ex-President of France; Paul Deschanel, president of the Chamber of Deputies; Antonin Dubost, president of the Senate; and Armand Dayot, Inspecteur Général des Beaux Arts. The other is the National American Committee, and this numbers among its members Nicholas Murray Butler, W. Murray Crane, Cardinal Gibbons, John H. Finley, Charles Schwab, ex-President Taft, Dr. Henry van Dyke and Governor Whitman.

An additional personal interest is given the



The home of a wealthy sugar refiner at Pommiers. Two years in a German prison, a ruined business and home, and at seventy-four this Frenchman says: "In three years after the war is ended all will be as before." Is spirit like this worth backing?

Above is shown what remains of the Cathedral of Soissons. New York City may adopt Soissons for restoration.

Photos by Bain News Service.

association by the fact that its founder and director is Mme. Cécile Sartoris, the wife of Captain Algernon Sartoris, grandson of General Grant, now fighting with our army in France. Mme. Sartoris is now in this country formulating plans for raising not only the funds which will be used for the actual reconstruction work, but a working fund which is necessary for carrying on the campaign. And that is where you and I come in: We may not be able to contribute to the big French Restoration Fund, but we can give our mite to help in the raising of it, right now.

Mme. Sartoris, whose heart and soul is in

this work, so much so that she has spent a great part of her own private fortune and all her time for the past year in organizing and financing it, made a very extensive tour of the devastated districts just before sailing for America. The photographs on this page were taken by her. She brings to us countless stories of the wonderful spirit and courage of the French. One I must tell you because it is the story of the old gentleman whom you see in one of the pictures standing on the steps of one of the buildings of his ruined estate.

He was a wealthy sugar refiner, just seventy years old when war was declared. His entire



Mme. Cécile Sartoris, founder and executive director of the French Restoration Fund.

estate and sugar refinery were destroyed by the Huns, and for five months he and his wife were forced to live in the cellar while the Germans systematically blew up his house, bit by bit, to prolong the agony as long as possible. He was then separated from his wife, taken to Germany and kept in prison for nearly two years. Then he was sent home. He had found his wife again when Mme. Sartoris saw him, and they were living in what remained of the porter's lodge on his estate, dressed in rough peasant clothes and wooden sabots. But his spirit remained unbroken.

This Spring's Sewing

Why The Tribune Institute Dropped the Fashion Page

DO YOU miss the fashion page? If you do, write and tell us so. It was a good page of its kind—the best we could get. But with France in the agony of a mortal struggle long drawn out, the advance guard of our own men falling on the fields of Picardy, and every resource of the nation taxed to the utmost that the "last fifteen minutes of the war" may find us ready—a whole page of French fashions and styles seemed to us both futile and in bad taste.

We still believe in wearing clothes and good ones—clothes that will last, not "flimsies," that need constant replacing and cost money that might be spent for Liberty Bonds or War Saving Stamps. We believe in "busy-ness" but not in "business as usual." The business of the world just now is to fight. And that, thank God, is not our usual business.

Clothes should be Hooverized as well as food. That means that we should be well clothed from the standpoints of health and economy, not from the viewpoint of pleasure; that we should use as far as possible materials not needed for uniforms and munitions, aeroplane wings and tents, and other war equipment. This does not mean ugliness. It does mean simplicity, utility and thoughtful buying adapted to war conditions, that money, time and labor, both ours and the manufacturers', may be set free for more important things.

We boast no superiority to fashions. We recognize the cheering value of charm, but we must put the emphasis in the right place. We must not stop to cheer ourselves with chiffons, to waste thought and strength and money and time on non-essentials, when there is a hurry-up job of world-wide importance to be done.

We believe women are intent just now on the welfare of their country and the heartache of the world. They are busy steeling their own hearts and bracing the bucklers of their men before they vanish into No Man's Land. Have we time to read and wonder whether we shall wear bustles, where the waist line is, whether sleeves are long or short, and where the skirt should stop? The spring styles of real interest are the Red Cross patterns for pajamas and surgical shirts, knitting directions, and what the peasants of Northern France need.

It is always wise to keep one's self "fit" and to go about any task with a valiant buoyancy, but every hour that we take for less important things now is an hour stolen from the world's great need. By the time your spring sewing is done the spring drive may be over.

We shall offer you soon some articles on Hooverized clothes. Articles by those who know, as to what materials should be bought and why. And we offer to the new woman citizen a new page, visualizing what she can do with her vote, for her home and her city, the state and her country. We offer you this instead of fashions—until the war is won.

Are you glad or sorry of the change? "We Want To Know."

ANNE LEWIS PIERCE,
Director, The Tribune Institute.

The Woman of Tomorrow

HAVE we been waiting for the twentieth century and the revelations of the war to perceive what already in time of peace, especially in France, has long stared us in the face, namely, that woman is more gifted than man for household management, for economy, for commerce, for enterprise?

We were perhaps not so blind as it may appear; we were only trying to save our masculine dignity when we said, in a tone of superiority: "They know nothing about business."

If, unfortunately, this had been true, how many rich people of yesterday would find themselves to-day in a fine pickle, to use a vulgar expression.

They only feigned to know nothing; their lords and masters had failed to instruct them. Why the pose if not for fear that the disciple might seem superior to her master?

They have seized the occasion that hitherto had escaped them to prove their worth. They have not taken anything from anybody; they have filled places that were vacant, they have worked *ad interim*. All that remains for us now to do is to accord them the appellations significant of their various offices.

But let us not entertain the hope that hereafter they will be contented with so little. Equality in the home no longer suffices them. They want political rights. The word "man" stood for two genders in Latin. They said correctly to a woman: "Remember that you are born a man." They now claim that, even so, we should call them, not women citizens (citoyennes), but citizens (citoyens).

Before long they will have carried the case—in England. Formerly it was France that took the initiative in all reforms. Let us not be jealous of our Allies, but keep pace with them.—Translated from the French of Abel Hermant in "Les Annales."

"It will soon be over," he said, "and then it will only take three years to get in running order again. We could do it in less time, but it takes three years to grow the beets. In three years all this will be forgotten and we shall be as we were before."

And this from a man of seventy-four!

It is the opinion of the directors of the French Restoration Fund that a greater interest will be created among the people of this country, who are to be asked to contribute to the fund, if they know just how and where their particular contribution is to be used, and therefore the country is to be divided into districts, each of which is to be given a specified territory in France for the restoration and reconstruction of which they are to be responsible. For example, the six New England states have already taken Peronne as their god-child. An offer came from Chicago to undertake the restoration of Rheims, but the directors considered this far too much for any one city to take upon itself, and therefore the three states of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio will have the honor of contributing toward this.

It has been suggested that New York state undertake the restoration of Soissons, cathedral and all, but nothing definite has been done as yet.

Mme. Sartoris, a short time ago, made a sort of trial trip, visiting five towns in Pennsylvania, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the cause for which she is working would appeal to the general run of people, to the great middle and lower classes who have never been to France, and who therefore might not have the interest in its restoration that those who had travelled and seen Rheims and Soissons and the rest would feel. The towns were Greenburr, Lancaster, York, Latrobe and Hanover, and they each pledged a certain sum of money, ranging from \$10,000 to \$20,000 for the work. Moreover, in each town, at the close of the meeting, the audience crowded to the platform to shake hands with Mme. Sartoris and to voice its sympathy in the cause. In many cases poor laborers and their wives, the latter bareheaded and often with a baby in their arms, handed her a coin, 25 or 50 cents, as their contribution toward helping their fellow laborers across the seas. So it would seem that the object of the fund has a universal appeal.

Not only are the different districts or cities to be given definite districts or towns to restore, but the school children of America are to contribute their share toward restoring the schools in the devastated regions. The churches are likewise to help in the rebuilding of the wayside shrines and the houses of worship. And the little village inn is not to be forgotten, for the hotels of America are each to adopt one of these as a god-child, and I think we can safely predict that they will be well cared for.

The principal street of each town will be renamed after its godmother, and so the future Cook's tourist need not be surprised if he finds himself wandering along a village street on the corner of which hangs a sign bearing the name of his native town, "Rue Oshkosh" or "Rue Terre Haute," as the case may be.

The expense of rebuilding the houses and smaller buildings of the devastated towns will not be nearly so great as one might imagine, because of the fact that while the building may be in ruins, the cellar still remains intact and the stones which formed the walls for the most part are not on the ground where they were thrown by the German shells waiting to be put back in place. The expense will come with the restoring of the cathedrals, hôtels de ville and other larger buildings.

The money which is to be contributed toward this fund will not be needed until the end of the war, and therefore, at the suggestion of M. Tardieu, French High Commissioner in Washington, and with the approval of Secretary McAdoo this money will be invested in Liberty Bonds, to be held in trust until ordered transferred through J. P. Morgan & Co. So you see your contribution serves a double purpose: It helps our government during the period of the war, and then it is sent across the seas bearing a promise to those war-weary people of brighter days to come, when the sun will shine once more on green fields and blooming orchards, on neat village streets, lined with rows of quaint stone houses, on wayside shrines with their offerings of flowers, on groups of happy peasants singing in the fields; in short, on the France which we knew and loved before the great, black war-cloud burst upon it.

It would be a comfy feeling, wouldn't it, to know that we had a little share in its reincarnation? If you feel that it would, your check, be it big or little, will be gratefully received by the treasurer of the French Restoration Fund, Aeolian Hall, 33 West Forty-second Street.

"Relief Work" by a Sculptress

MANY men of many minds, from millions of aires to musicians, have left their own payrolls or pianos to give their entire time to the Red Cross.

Now comes a woman who has closed up her studio to take an executive desk in the Red Cross. Early and late Miss Malvina Hoffman, sculptress, is to be found at the New York County Chapter, where she has charge of the Bureau of Information and Research and of the foreign department.

For three years Miss Hoffman studied with Rodin in Paris. When the war broke out she organized, with several other pupils of Rodin, the French Artists' Relief Fund, of which Rodin himself until his recent death was honorary president.

While one hand now keeps in touch for the Red Cross every day, with main headquarters in Washington, the Bureau of Public Information, the food commission, public charities and some dozen other organizations, the other hand labors for the Serbian National Defence League of America, to raise Serbian volunteers in this country and to send money to Serbian orphans.

But Miss Hoffman defies tradition and lets her right hand know what her left hand doeth. For one work intersects the other—the Red Cross helps the Serbians! It has already sent to the friendless Serbian volunteers who sail from Canada two hundred knitted garments and is planning other assistance.

So Miss Hoffman serves her country in a double capacity. The Red Cross is on her right hand, Serbia on her left. But her studio is dark.